

EXHIBIT M

"Family Matters"

Drake

[Part I]

[Intro: Drake & Sandra Graham]

Maybe in this song, you shouldn't start by saying
N****, I said it, I know that you mad
I've emptied the clip over friendlier jabs
You mentioned my seed, now deal with his dad
I gotta go bad, I gotta go bad

[Chorus]

Mm, mm, yeah
Drop, drop, drop, drop
Drop a fifty bag for the mob in the spot
Drop a fifty bag, 29 for the thot
Uh, I was really, really tryna keep it PG
I was really, really tryna keep it PG
If you had a set, they'd give your ass a DP
But you civilian gang, in real life, you PC

[Verse]

You know who really bang a set? My n**** YG
You know who really bang a set? My n**** Chuck T
You know who even bang a set out there is CB
And, n****, Cole losin' sleep on this, it ain't me
You better have some paperwork or that shit fake tea
Can't be rappin' 'bout no rattin' that we can't read
I mean it's true a n**** slimed me for my AP
Just like how Metro n**** slimed him for his main squeeze
Out here beggin' for attention, n****, say please
Always rappin' like you 'bout to get the slaves freed
You just actin' like an activist, it's make-believe
Don't even go back to your hood and plant no money trees
Say you hate the girls I fuck, but what you really mean?
I been with Black and white and everything that's in between
You the Black messiah wifin' up a mixed queen
And hit vanilla cream to help out with your self-esteem
On some Bobby shit, I wanna know what Whitney need
All that puppy love was over in y'all late teens
Why you never hold your son and tell him, "Say cheese"?
We could've left the kids out of this, don't blame me
You a dog and you know it, you just play sweet
Your baby mama captions always screamin', "Save me"
You did her dirty all your life, you tryna make peace

I heard that one of 'em little kids might be Dave Free
 Don't make it Dave Free's
 'Cause if your GM is your BM secret BD
 Then this is all makin' plenty fuckin' sense to me
 Ayy, let that shorty breathe
 Shake that ass, bitch, hands on your knees
 Hands on your knees, hands on your knees
 Shake that ass for Drake, now shake that ass for free
 Yeah, yeah
 Well, not that kind of free, I'm talkin' 'bout my n**** Dave
 Your man a lil' K, we call that shit a mini Drac'
 He always said I overlooked him, I was starin' straight
 These bars go over Kenny head no matter what I say
 I know you like to keep it short, so let me paraphrase
 Knew it was smoke when Abel hit us with the serenade
 N**** said, "Uh, uh"
 Almost started reachin' for my waist
 [Chorus]
 Drop, drop, drop, drop
 Drop a fifty bag for the mob in the spot
 Drop a fifty bag, 29 for the thot
 Uh, I was really, really tryna keep it—

[Part II]

[Intro]
 Yeah
 Let me stop playin' around, let me take this shit serious, like
 N***** is a joke, I take it serious, though
 Yeah, look

[Verse]
 If Drake shooters doing TikToks, n****
 Realest shooter in your gang, that's P's brother, y'all ain't getting shit shot, n****
 Can't listen to the stick talk in falsetto, save it for a hip-hop n****
 You don't even be at home, dog, you a souvenir-out-the-gift-shop n****
 Still mad about that one ho, we ain't even fuck, I just lip-locked with her
 I get active when it's war time, I ain't even really let my dick drop, n****
 What the fuck I heard Rick drop, n****? Talkin' somethin' 'bout a nose job, n****
 Ozempic got a side effect of jealousy and doctor never told y'all n*****
 Put a n**** in the bars, let a n**** rot, kind of like your old job, n****
 House sittin' on some land, but it's out where no one even really know y'all n*****
 Bitches gotta drive two hours 'fore you pay 'em just to give a blowjob, n****
 Must've snorted up a snowball
 'Cause my last record deal was four hundred M's, these days, that's a low ball,
 N**** Ayy

Who's next on the list?
 Which one of my so-called n*****
 Which one of my so-called n*****
 Which one of my so-called n***** need a shell from the clip?
 Always knew I had to smoke y'all n*****
 good kid, m.A.A.d city van, we'll pop the latch and let the door slide
 Tears runnin' down my cheek, laughin' at you pussies dyin', it's a war cry
 Weeknd music gettin' played in all the spots where boys got a little more pride
 That's why all your friends dippin' to Atlanta, payin' just to find a tour guide
 Abel, run your fuckin' bread, need to buy some more chains for some more guys
 Let me find another street n***** I can take to the game courtside
 Let me get a used Ferrari for a rapper, take the n***** on a horse ride
 Anything to take the spotlight off the fact the boss is a drugged-out lil' punk sissy from the
 Northside
 Rakim talkin' shit again
 Gassed 'cause you hit my BM first, n*****, do the math, who I was hittin' then?
 I ain't even know you rapped still 'cause they only talkin' 'bout your 'fit again
 Probably gotta have a kid again 'fore you think of droppin' any shit again
 Even when you do drop, they gon' say you should've modeled 'cause it's mid again
 Smokin' Fenty 'bout it, should've put you on the first one, tryna get it in
 Ask Fring if this a good idea the next time you cuddled in that bed again
 She'll even tell you leave the boy alone 'fore you get your head split again
 Pluto shit make me sick to my stomach, we ain't never really been through it
 Leland Wayne, he a fuckin' lame, so I know he had to be an influence
 These n***** had a plan and they finally found a way to rope you into it
 Two separate albums dissin', I just did a Kim to it, n*****, skim through it
 Me and Savage had the hoes drippin' wet at shows, almost had to swim to it
 K-Dot shit is only hittin' hard when Baby Keem put his pen to it
 Ross callin' me the white boy and the shit kind of got a ring to it
 'Cause all these rappers wavin' white flags while the whole fuckin' club sing to it Murder
 scene on your man tonight, then come to the vigil with the candlelight
 Body after fuckin' body and you know Rick readin' my Miranda rights
 I'm goin' on vacation now, hope next time y'all plan it right
 'Cause you gotta pay for sayin' my name, guess now n***** understand the price
 N*****, what? (6ix)

[Part III]

[Verse]

Ayy
 Kendrick just opened his mouth, someone go hand him a Grammy right now
 Where is your uncle at? 'Cause I wanna talk to the man of the house
 West Coast n***** do fades, right? Come get this ass whoopin', I'm handin' 'em out
 You wanna take up for Pharrell? Then come get his legacy out of my house
 A cease and desist is for hoes, can't listen to lies that come out of your mouth

You called the Tupac estate and begged 'em to sue me and get that shit down
 I'm losin' perspective on beef, Boi-I da send beat and I'll kill you for fun
 Your daddy got robbed by Top, you Stunna and Wayne, like father, like son
 Anthony set up the plays, Kojo be chargin' you double for nothin'
 They shook about what I'ma say, but textin' your phone like, "We already won"
 You tell me what I shouldn't say, but fuck it, my n****, it's already done
 We already know it's a twenty-v-one, we already know why you went number one
 It's clearly because of The Boy, the honorable thing is to give me the loot
 You right about "Fuck the big three," it's only Big D, and there's video proof
 Our sons should go play at the park, two lightskin kids, that shit would be cute
 Unless you don't want to be seen with anyone that isn't Blacker than you
 We get it, we got it
 The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
 We get that you like to put gin in your juice
 We get that you think that you Bishop in Juice
 When you put your hands on your girl, is it self-defense 'cause she bigger than you?
 Your back is up against the curb, you diggin' for dirt, should be diggin' for proof
 Why did you move to New York? Is it 'cause you livin' that bachelor life?
 Proposed in 2015, but don't wanna make her your actual wife
 I'm guessin' this wedding ain't happenin', right?
 'Cause we know the girls that you actually like
 Your darkest secrets are comin' to light
 It's all on your face like what happened to Mike
 Oh shit, it's all makin' sense, maybe I'm Prince and you actually Mike
 Michael was prayin' his features would change so people believe that he's actually white
 Top would make you do features for change, get on pop records and rap for the whites
 And wait, you say your brother Jermaine, but you wanted him to stay out of the light
 Oh shit, just follow me, right? 'Cause nothin' you sayin' could bother me, right?
 I get off the plane and nothing has changed, I head to Delilah with all of my ice
 Head to Delilah with all of my ice, head to Delilah with all of my ice
 This shit gotta be over by now for anyone out here that's calling it, right?
 You're dead
 You're dead, you're dead
 There's nowhere to hide, there's nowhere to hide, you know what I mean
 They hired a crisis management team to clean up the fact that you beat on your queen
 The picture you painted ain't what it seem, you're dead

Available at: <https://genius.com/Drake-family-matters-lyrics>